

REBEL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE DUBLIN.—Official

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE KNIGHTS OF GALLIPOLI: ANZACS MARCH THROUGH LONDON  
TO ATTEND THE "COMMEMORATION SERVICE."



General Sir William Birdwood, "the soul of Anzac," and his wife.



The King talks to Lord Kitchener. His Majesty came specially from Windsor for the service.



Lord Kitchener "snapped" on his way to the Abbey.



Australians passing along Parliament-street between dense crowds. The procession marshalled at Aldwych and marched along the Strand and Whitehall.

A year ago yesterday the men from Australia and New Zealand landed on Gallipoli, where they won imperishable fame. The anniversary was celebrated by a "commemoration service," and between 3,000 and 4,000 Anzacs, the men who had stormed

the Turkish beaches, marched through London to the Abbey, cheered by the inhabitants of the Mother-City of the Empire for which they have fought and bled.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



# GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON CHASED FROM LOWESTOFT

Enemy Turns Tail After Twenty Minutes' Fight.

FOUR KILLED ON SHORE.

Three British Ships Hit—Small Damage to Town.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

About 4.30 this morning the German battle-cruiser squadron, accompanied by light cruisers and destroyers, appeared off Lowestoft.

The local naval forces engaged it and in about twenty minutes it returned to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers.

On shore two men, one woman and a child were killed.

The material damage seems to have been insignificant.

So far as is known at present two British light cruisers and a destroyer were hit, but none were sunk.

## ZEEBRUGGE BOMBARDED.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A message received from Flushing states that yesterday morning several British warships, escorted by torpedo-destroyers and other vessels, bombarded Zeebrugge and the German batteries off Heyst, Blankenberghe and Knokke.

The bombardment is reported to have been one of the heaviest since the beginning of the war and also of the longest duration.

The damage done at Zeebrugge is said to have been enormous. The harbour locks were hit several times and some ships sunk.

British aircraft also threw bombs on the German batteries, although fired at by torpedo-boats.

The bombardment, which was easily visible from Flushing, was so intense that the southern part of Holland was shaken. After forty minutes the firing ceased.—Exchange.

## GERMAN SHIP HIT.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—The Telegraf states that yesterday morning, at four o'clock, aeroplanes appeared over Zeebrugge and dropped bombs.

The Germans fired violently at them without apparent effect.

At half-past three in the afternoon the roar of guns was heard coming from the direction of the sea, and soon afterwards three German destroyers were seen off Zeebrugge Harbour and further out some British warships.

The latter opened a formidable fire, to which the German vessels and the coast batteries replied vigorously.

All the German destroyers appeared to be hit, and they finally withdrew into the harbour. The bombardment of the coast lasted until ten minutes past four, and it was resumed at five, when it lasted for twenty minutes.

Other British warships have been sighted.—Central News.

## CHINESE REBELS ROUTED.

SHANGHAI, Tuesday.—Sharp fighting occurred yesterday near Wusieh, the Government troops attacking the Kiangyin forts, which recently declared their independence.

At first driven back towards Wusieh, they were later reinforced, routed the rebels, and now control the situation. The forts, however, remain untaken.—Reuter.

## TRAM MEN WILL RETURN TO WORK.

The employees of the South Metropolitan Tramway Company who have been on strike decided at a mass meeting yesterday to accept their leaders' advice and return to work this morning.

The Croydon Corporation Tramway employees are still out.

## WILL ZEPPS FRIGHTEN ENGLISH M.P.s?

PARIS, Tuesday.—Writing in the *Echo de Paris*, M. Marcel Rittin says:—

"It would not surprise us if Count Zeppelin received an order to organise a huge expedition on England.

The German Government in this way hopes that the nation will forget President Wilson's pill, and that a raid on a big scale will also frighten English members of Parliament, who are at present, face to face with a national problem.—Exchange.

## NINE ZEPPS SIGHTED.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A report from Ameland states that seven aeroplanes passed north of Ameland yesterday afternoon going west.

A message received at Oosterschelde, on the island of Texel, from Vlieland, states that at five yesterday afternoon nine Zeppelins passed westwards.—Reuter.

## HOLIDAY 'ZEPP' RAID

Five Hun Gasbags Drop Seventy Bombs on Eastern Counties.

### TAUBE OVER DUNKIRK.

There was a Zeppelin raid over a portion of the Eastern Counties late on Monday night and early yesterday morning, but so far as can be ascertained there was only one casualty, one man being reported seriously injured.

Yesterday afternoon the Secretary of the War Office announced that last night's air raid over the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts appears to have been carried out by four or five Zeppelins, only two of which made any serious attempt to penetrate inland.

About seventy bombs appear to have been dropped. One man is reported seriously injured. No further details as to casualties are yet available.

In the early hours of yesterday morning the Press Bureau issued the following message:—"Three Zeppelins are reported to have come in from seawards over the Eastern Counties to-night. Two crossed the coast of Norfolk shortly before half-past ten, and another followed at about eleven o'clock.

"A few incendiary bombs have been dropped up to the time of the issue of this communication."

A correspondent, telephoning from a town in the Eastern Counties, says:—

"A Zeppelin passed over here at 12.45 this morning, travelling in a north-easterly direction. The vessel appeared to be flying at a rather low altitude."

"Six bombs were dropped in the vicinity of the town, and one in the town itself, but as far as can be ascertained no casualties were caused."

Zeppelin dropped two bombs at 1.50 yesterday morning in two ploughed fields about 500 yards from a small market town in the county, states a Central News Eastern Counties correspondent. No damage was done.

Paris, Tuesday.—A German aeroplane dropped six bombs on Dunkirk this morning, killing one woman and wounding three men. The damage was not important.—Exchange.

## BRANDY REFUSED.

Coroner Says Spirits Might Have Saved Life of Rescued Man.

Mr A. E. Aspinall, the barrister, and secretary of the West India Committee, who jumped into the river at Temple Stairs to rescue an old man, was unable on account of the consequent chill to attend the inquest at Westminster yesterday.

The old man was Nelson Howard, seventy-seven, a retired seaman, of Crouch Hill, N.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned and the jury added a rider commending Mr. Aspinall's brave act.

The coroner read a statement, which Mr. Aspinall had made in bed. He said: "I jumped into the water. The tide was high and the ebb current was very strong. I managed to reach the man and got him by the collar and swam on my back to the steps, where a policeman and a man with an umbrella lifted me out as I was thoroughly exhausted.

"The people on the embankment did nothing. Although I shouted to them to get a boat from the ship Northampton. I went to the nearest licensed stores for some brandy and was refused, which I thought rather absurd where life or death is concerned."

The coroner was informed that during closing hours brandy could not be obtained without a doctor's certificate.

The coroner: "Do you mean that licensees have no discretion?"

A Police Sergeant: "There is no mention of discretion in the Liquor Control Board's regulations."

The coroner: "A dreadful omission in my opinion. Brandy might have saved the old man's life and have saved Mr. Aspinall a chill."

## CONSCRIPT COMMITS SUICIDE.

At Harwich yesterday a jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind in the case of Bruce Stanley Mossley, a private in the Bedfordshire Regiment.

Deceased was a conscript and a single man, of Lupton-street, Wymondham, Norfolk.

He hanged himself at Dovercourt on Sunday morning, leaving a letter asking people to give him for his sins and advising others not to be misled.

## STRUGGLE WITH REFUGEE.

A stationmaster's struggle with a refugee was described yesterday at Westminster, when Touffaint Moreau, a Belgian, who escaped from Earl's Court refugee camp, was further remanded on a charge of attempting to murder Edward Webb, stationmaster at West Brompton, on the West London Extension Railway.

At the first hearing Divisional Detective-Inspector Bedford said that prisoner escaped from the camp on April 18 and was found by two patrolmen on the line. Left alone with Mr. Webb, he suddenly attacked him.

## THE SECRET SESSION.

House of Commons Cleared of Strangers at 3.16 p.m.

### CROWDED ATTENDANCE OF M.P.s

The motion for the secret session was carried without a division in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, and at 3.16 the House was cleared of strangers.

It was 2.49 p.m. when the Speaker took the chair, and from the very outset the House was packed.

The Strangers' Gallery and the Ladies' Gallery were empty. The side gallery opposite the Treasury bench was crowded and members jostled each other behind the bar, in the gangways, and everywhere where standing room could be found on the floor of the House.

Mr. Runciman, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Long and Mr. Chamberlain were the first of the members of the Cabinet to appear. Sir E. Carson and Colonel Churchill and General Seely were prominent figures on the front Opposition bench. There were only a few questions on the paper—all of them of minor importance.

Mr. McKenna informed Mr. King that the question of a new design for a new issue of £1 and 10s. Treasury notes was under consideration.

Mr. H. Dalziel asked whether, with reference to the proposed secret sitting, the Prime Minister's statement would be made in such a form as to enable the debate to be adjourned.

Mr. Asquith said he thought the most convenient way would be to take it on the motion for the adjournment.

Sir H. Dalziel asked who would be responsible for the report which was to be issued.

Mr. Asquith said Mr. Speaker would be responsible.

Sir H. Dalziel asked whether, in view of the most far-reaching character of the new orders in committee, the Prime Minister could see his way to provide an early opportunity for discussion of the whole matter. Mr. Asquith asked for notice of this point.

Mr. Asquith arose amid great excitement and called attention to the presence of strangers in the House. The Speaker put the question that all strangers should withdraw.

Mr. Hogge and others challenged a division, but it was not pressed, and the House was ordered to be cleared.

## PRINCESS MARY NINETEEN

Birthday Gallop in Windsor Great Park with Her Brothers.

Princess Mary celebrated her nineteenth birthday yesterday at Windsor by a rousing gallop in Windsor Great Park with her brothers, the Princes Albert, Henry and George. The weather was delightfully fine.

The royal cavalcade left the Castle about eleven o'clock in the morning, shortly after the King and Queen had departed for the Anzac celebration in town.

Earlier in the day Princess Mary received many beautiful birthday presents, and many messages of congratulation from her relatives and friends.

At the royal ride a detachment of the Coldstream Guards at drill in the Long Walk saluted the royal party.

### "CHANCELLOR LOOKED VERY GRAVE."

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—"I learn from Berlin that the Chancellor yesterday afternoon had half an hour's discussion with the American Ambassador at Berlin," states the special representative of the Exchange Telegraph Company. "When Bethmann-Hollweg left the Embassy he looked very grave."

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A message from The Hague, says the Exchange Telegraph Company, has been received from Berlin, indicating that Germany is trying by all means to arrive at an acceptable compromise with the United States.

The Chancellor was with the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, on Monday for several hours.

All news relating to the American crisis is severely censored. It is expected that the question will shortly be settled.

The Kaiser, on returning to Berlin to see Mr. Gerard, is reported to have expressed the view that a settlement would be reached in three days.

## HEAVY SENTENCES ON ARMY DOCTORS

The trial by court-martial has been concluded in Paris, states Reuter, of a number of Army and civilian doctors and other individuals who were charged with fraudulently securing the discharge of soldiers from the Army.

The Court passed sentence on the principal offenders as follows: Dr. Lombard, ten years' hard labour and a fine of £500; Dr. Laborde, five years' imprisonment, and £500; Dr. Garfunkel, five years' imprisonment and £125 fine.

Forty others, mostly soldiers whose discharge had been fraudulently obtained, were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from three years to six months, and fines of £500 to £20.

## ANZACS WITH THEIR KING AT THE ABBEY.

Triumphant March of Gallipoli Heroes Through London.

### UNFORGETTABLE DAY.

Solemn were the words of the opening hymn at the Anzac service yesterday in Westminster Abbey, when some thousands of our Australian and New Zealand heroes met in worship to celebrate the first anniversary of their landing at Gallipoli.

Great crowds had gathered from the early hours of the morning to welcome the Anzacs, and as the time of the service approached the dim, grey, old-world cloisters were thronged with processions of wounded soldiers who had come to take up their appointed places in the Abbey.

It was a perfect spring day with warm golden sunshine pouring down on Dean's Yard and the smooth grass patch near that western cloister which has for centuries echoed with the laughter and high spirits of British schoolboys.

But never in their long history have these ancient cloisters looked down upon a more cheerful procession than the throng of young heroes, broken in Britain's wars, who crowded into the Abbey yesterday.

The vergers and police who were in attendance offered them every assistance, but the Anzacs as they hobbled bravely along on their crutches only shook their heads and smiled.

### CARRIED INTO ABBEY.

Some of them were carried into the Abbey by their comrades, and it was to one of these that the King spoke after the service.

The Abbey was crowded with soldiers when a roar of cheering from outside announced the arrival of the King and Queen. The King was in khaki and looked extremely well. Queen Mary was wearing black.

The Dean and Sub-Dean, who were wearing their copes, received the King and Queen on the steps of the Abbey, and the choir and clergy preceded the procession.

As the King and Queen moved to their places there was a great stir among the great congregation of Australian soldiers, many of whom confessed that they had never seen their Majesties before.

The King looked from left to right and his gaze lingered on one particular square of seats, where those who had been severely wounded were seated.

### "IN MEN'S HEARTS."

After the Lord's Prayer and the Collects had been said and Wesley's famous anthem "Ascribe Unto the Lord," the Dean read a prayer, some passages of which are as follows:—

"Let us now unite in praise and thanksgiving for those our brothers who died in Gallipoli for their King and Empire, in the high cause of freedom and honour."

"More especially do we commemorate the names of the following troops who took part in the landing:—

AUSTRALIAN  
1st-8th Brigades of Infantry;  
1st-16th Regiments of Light Horse;  
1st-3rd Brigades of Artillery;  
With Engineers, Army Service, Medical, Veterinary, Ordnance, Naval Bridging Corps.

NEW ZEALAND  
Divisional and Infantry Brigade Headquarters.

The Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury, Otago Battalions;  
With Field Artillery, Engineers, Medical, Army Service Corps.

"All these fought most valiantly. Their deeds will be remembered evermore. Their memorial is already inscribed in men's hearts. In future ages the sons of our Empire will seek to emulate the imperishable renown of their daring and bravery. We are resolved that by God's gracious favour, our brothers shall not have laid down their lives in vain."

Afterwards the whole congregation joined in singing Kipling's "Recessional."

And then came the National Anthem, sung with a fervour that obviously moved their Majesties, and then a troop of sixteen buglers sounded "The Last Post," and the Anzac Day in the Abbey will never be forgotten.

### V.C. IN THE PROCESSION.

A million citizens thronged the streets of London yesterday and gave the 2,000 Anzacs who marched through the city a triumphal reception. All along the route they were cheered to the echo, and from every window flags and handkerchiefs were waved. Flowers, too, were flung from the windows.

Ahead of the Australian infantry, and just behind the Monte Vidol band, came a detachment from the Royal Australian Navy.

These were men every one of whom had seen service in New Guinea, and the Falkland Islands. The proudest recollections of a few of them concerned the rounding up and destruction of the Emiden.

In the procession, too, was Corporal Bassett, the first Australian to gain the V.C.



# GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCE REBEL ATTEMPT TO SEIZE DUBLIN CITY

**"Situation Now Well in Hand"—12 Lives Lost.**

**POST OFFICE SEIZED.**

**Naval Fight Off Lowestoft with German Cruiser Squadron.**

**FRENCH HURL Foe BACK.**

There had been a revolt in Dublin on Monday and the rebels were in possession of four or five parts of the city. The situation is now well in hand.

## "GRAVE DISTURBANCES."

Mr. Birrell made the announcement regarding the grave disturbances in Dublin in the House of Commons yesterday. He said the post office had been forcibly taken possession of and that twelve lives had been lost, four or five soldiers being among these casualties. Telegraphic communication is difficult to maintain.

## NAVAL FIGHT OFF LOWESTOFT.

A twenty minutes' sea fight took place off Lowestoft early yesterday. The German battle cruiser squadron appeared before the town, but got so warm a reception that it soon returned to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers. Three of our ships were hit and four persons on shore were killed.

## WELL DONE, ROYAL SCOTS!

A further report from the Commander-in-Chief in Egypt shows that the defence of Dueidar, a small British port in the desert, was gallantly maintained by one company of the Royal Scots, who beat off the Turks with heavy loss.

**RUSSIANS WITHIN 93 MILES OF KUT.**

**Another Army Advancing on Bagdad—Floods Stop Turks.**

A Wireless Press special message from Rome says:—

The Russian Army operating in Persia, in the Lorrain district, is said to have arrived within ninety-three miles to the north-east of Kut-el-Amara, whilst another army operating in the region of Kermanshah is supposed to have crossed the Persian frontier and is approaching Bagdad.

## (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—The following communiqué issued from the Turkish Headquarters has been received here from Constantinople:—Owing to the rising of the Tigris at some points we were unable to pursue the enemy, who was beaten on April 22.

Yesterday the enemy ineffectively bombarded our positions near Felahie.

Some of our troops attacked enemy soldiers who approached our positions near Beitissa, on the right bank of the Tigris, and killed them.

Near Kut-el-Amara a portion of the inhabitants swam across the river and took refuge among us.—Reuter.

**TURKS' GREAT LOSSES.**

Mr. Edmund Candler, the representative of the British Press with the Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, telegraphing under date April 18, says:—

The Turkish counter-attack after our capture of Beitissa on the night of April 17-18 was a most determined affair.

A large hostile force was seen proceeding from the direction of Sinn at about sunset. The attack began at seven o'clock, and continued throughout the night till 4.30 a.m.

In spite of the darkness our shrapnel found them. Over 2,000 dead were counted next morning at a point opposite this one brigade alone.

**3,000 Foe DEAD.**

So fierce was the persistence of the attack that bodies of the enemy broke through a gap between two battalions, though our line held firm. At dawn they doubled back in confusion on to our line, and were all shot down or captured. The original line held by the enemy yesterday was retaken. The only ground lost was some nullahs we had captured in advance of the position, and the enemy got away their guns.

The Turkish losses are estimated at 3,000 dead, plus a proportion of wounded and close on 400 prisoners.

## DUBLIN POST OFFICE TAKEN BY THE REBELS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Tuesday afternoon.—Mr. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, announced that at noon yesterday grave disturbances broke out in Dublin.

The Post Office, he said, was forcibly taken possession of. Soldiers arrived from the Curragh. The situation is now well in hand.

Mr. Birrell further stated telegraphic communication was difficult. He was unable to give further particulars.

Sir Edward Carson asked if any arrest had been made.

Mr. Birrell said it was impossible to give any names.

Sir John Lonsdale: Were any lives lost?

Mr. Birrell: Yes, sir; as far as I can say, twelve.

In reply to a further question whether at seven o'clock last night Dublin was still in the hands of the rebels, Mr. Birrell said that they were in possession of four or five parts of the city.

He added that he had been in telegraphic communication to-day, but it was difficult to maintain communication.

Four or five soldiers had lost their lives.

## GERMANS THRICE BEATEN BACK BY FRENCH.

**Foe's Heavy Losses in Final Liquid Flame Onslaught.**

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

West of the Meuse towards the end of the day yesterday, after a violent bombardment, the Germans made several attacks on our new positions in the region of the Mort Homme.

The two first attempts having completely failed, the enemy launched a final attack, supported by copious use of flaming liquid.

Swept by our curtain and infantry fires, the Germans were forced to return to their lines with important losses.

There was intense artillery activity in the region of Avocourt.

During the night the enemy attempted without success to carry the advance posts of the Avocourt Redoubt.

East of the Meuse there was a fairly lively bombardment of our first and second lines.

### BOMBS ON DUNKIRK.

In the Forest of Apremont there was grenade fighting.

In Lorraine we dispersed a strong enemy reconnaissance, which was attempting to approach one of our small posts east of Neuville.

Aviation.—This morning a German aeroplane dropped six bombs on Dunkirk. One woman was killed and two men were wounded. The material damage done was insignificant.—Reuter.

## GERMANS CLAIM FRENCH ATTACK BROKE DOWN.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—The activity of the artillery and airmen has been very lively on both sides.

To the west of the Meuse hand grenade attacks developed during the night to the north-east of Avocourt.

An attack delivered in several waves against our trenches to the east of Dead Man Hill broke down under our infantry fire.

Our airmen freely bombarded numerous enemy shelters and supply stations.

An enemy aeroplane was brought down by our anti-aircraft fire near Tahure, and was destroyed. Another machine was brought down to the east of the Meuse. This somersaulted to earth.

## GALLANT ROYAL SCOTS BEAT OFF TURKS.

**Eight British Aeroplanes Smash Up Foe's Camp in Egypt.**

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Tuesday, 2.15 p.m.—The secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Egypt.—With reference to the fighting which took place in the Quatia district on April 23, the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Egypt now reports that it was of a more severe character than was at first intimated.

The defence of Dueidar was gallantly maintained by one company of the Royal Scots.

The enemy casualties amounted to seventy killed, left behind, and twenty-eight prisoners were taken by us, as well as war material amounting to 5,000 rounds small arm ammunition, four machine gun belt boxes full, twenty-eight shells and eighty rifles.

The pursuing column mentioned in yesterday's report took several more prisoners and the aeroplanes inflicted severe casualties with bombs and machine gun fire. One of our mounted brigades was engaged all day.

On April 24 eight aeroplanes took part in an attack on the enemy camp near Quatia and succeeded in effecting a complete surprise.

The hostile camp was completely destroyed, Reuter's account of the fighting mentions that Dueidar is a well in the desert, about twelve miles from El Kantara, on the canal.

Mr. W. L. Massey, in his cablegram from Suez to the Daily Mirror, says a regiment of the Australian Horse pursued the Turks vigorously, taking more prisoners and inflicting considerable casualties.

A report was sent in that 400 Turks were bivouacking in the neighbourhood of Katia on the night of April 23. Next morning the Flying Corps made an attack.

Starting in the darkness the aeroplanes reached Katia as the sun was rising, dropped a large number of bombs, completely dispersing the enemy with bombs and machine guns.

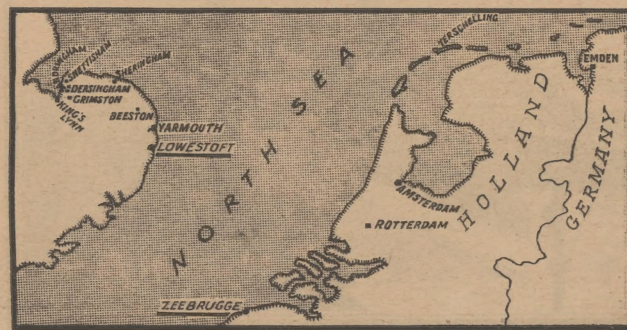
## FOE WASTING MEN.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The daily semi-official review of events says:—

We are continuing with success to straighten our lines by capturing small points in the enemy's defence in grenade fighting and hand-to-hand combats.

The Crown Prince indulges in a waste of his forces which necessitates constant renewals and a perpetual demand for reinforcements, resulting in a longer and longer interval between these attacks.

If, then, the reserves are becoming exhausted, it is much more the case with the Germans than with ourselves.—Reuter.



Map showing Lowestoft, off which the naval battle took place yesterday morning, and Zeebrugge, which has been heavily bombarded by British ships.

## CASEMENT BROUGHT TO LONDON.

**Sir Roger Casement in Custody of the Military.**

## FORTHCOMING TRIAL.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Tuesday, 12.5 p.m.—Sir Roger Casement, whose arrest in connection with the abortive attempt to land arms in Ireland from a German vessel was announced yesterday, was brought to London on Sunday morning.

He was met at Euston by officers from Scotland Yard and is now detained in military custody.

It is understood that evidence as to his proceedings in Germany since the outbreak of war will be produced at his trial.

## "WILL THIS TRAITOR BE SHOT FORTHWITH?"

**Mr. Pemberton Billing's Question to Prime Minister in Commons.**

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Pemberton Billing, the Irish M.P. for East Hereford, asked the Prime Minister whether Sir Roger Casement had been brought to London, and could he give the House an assurance that this traitor would be shot forthwith. (Cheers.)

Mr. Asquith: "I don't think that that question should be put to me."

The Admiralty statement, issued on Monday night, said:—

During the period between p.m. April 29 (Thursday) and p.m. April 21 (Friday) an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine.

The auxiliary sank and a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom was Sir Roger Casement.

## REBEL KNIGHT WHO WENT TO GERMANY.

Sir Roger Casement, former pensioner of the British nation, holder of the Cross of St. Michael and St. George—a decoration bestowed for services in connection with the British Colonial Empire—his Majesty's Consul at various foreign possessions dotted in various parts of the world, knighted by the King of Great Britain and Ireland, has now been captured in circumstances which are the reverse of the whole of his official career before war broke out in August, 1914.

At the beginning of the war he went to America, and then suddenly he was found in Berlin. And he was there ostensibly as a "mission" from Ireland.

On October 5 of that year the *Irish Independent* published a letter from him which said: "Let Irish men and Irish boys stay in Ireland. We as a people have no quarrel with the German people."

Many have been the rumours which told of his activities in Germany to undermine the British cause. He has endeavoured, it is reported, to seduce captured Irish soldiers from their allegiance and enrol them as an Irish legion for the Kaiser's use. He succeeded in a few instances; in the majority his terms and his blandishments were hurled back in his teeth—the men preferring starvation and ill-treatment to comparative luxury at the price of their honour.

CASEMENT'S LIFE.

One of the rewards he gained for his services to Kultur was the Iron Cross.

For some little time news has drifted through of some "plot" in which he was concerned. The news that he was arrested in Germany and in disfavour with the Huns, in the light of present events, was evidently intended to allay suspicion.

Sir Roger Casement was born in Co. Antrim, Ireland, on September 1, 1864, and entered the British Consular Service in 1885, when he was appointed Consul at Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese South-East Africa.

From 1888 to 1895 he was Consul in the Congo Free State. Consul at Santos, Brazil, in 1906, he was appointed Consul-General to Haiti and San Domingo in 1907, but did not proceed thither. He became Consul at Para in 1908, and Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro from 1909 to 1913.

In 1911 he went on a mission of investigation for the British Foreign Office into the alleged rubber scandal in the Putumayo rubber fields in Peru.



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Leeds, & Birmingham.

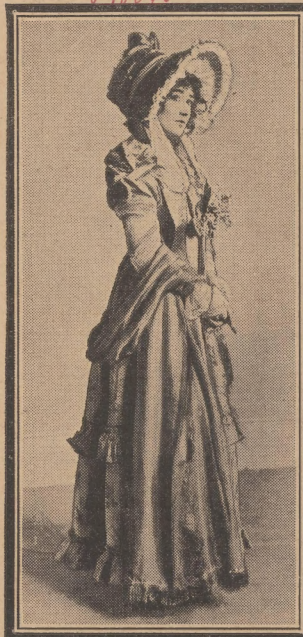
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Sufficient to prove, sent on receipt of postcard.

## THE HORSES ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THEM.



Drawing the horses' "rations," a scene in an Army Service Corps camp.

## "THE MAYOR OF TROY" AT THE HAYMARKET.



Miss Peggy Rush as Emeline.



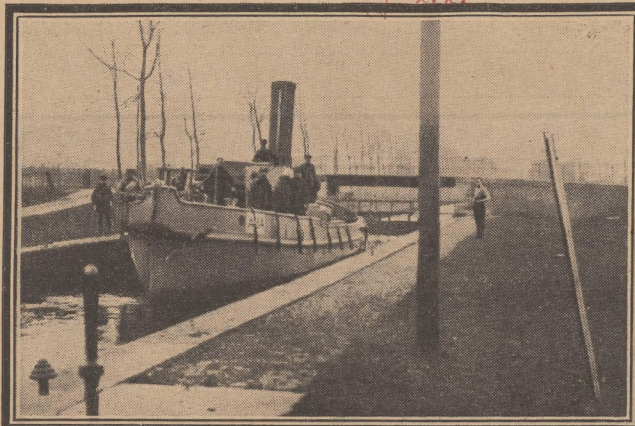
Miss Bruce-Potter as Marty.



Mr. Leon Quartermaine, the doctor.

In the adaptation of his well-known novel, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch takes us back to the England of Trafalgar days, with Dolly Varden bonnets for the ladies and shiny hats and pigtails for the Tars.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## THE CANALS ARE USEFUL IN WAR TIME.



A tug at the lock of a canal "somewhere in France." This small craft is used for carrying food to the British troops.

## EVERY WOMAN

would wear Silk if she could afford it.

The introduction of

"LUVISCA" (REGISTERED)

which has the special sheen of Silk, but with greater durability, is therefore a boon to EVERY WOMAN.

A  
"LUVISCA"  
BLOUSE.  
One of the  
many New  
Styles Ob-  
tainable.



Ask your  
draper to  
show you  
this and  
other fash-  
ionable  
styles for  
present  
wear.

"LUVISCA" has fast become a household word. It is the name of the most popular, economical, and eminently charming material, produced by the world-famed firm of Messrs. Courtaulds. Once seen and handled there is small doubt that "Luvisca" will be quickly adopted as an ideal fabric for Blouses and Shirts, since it has the bright surface of Silk and the splendid durability of Cotton. Washing does not destroy the beauty of "Luvisca," as its "sheen" is natural—not produced by pressure or finish—and the colours are "fast-to-washing." It is entirely British in manufacture, and as it is more durable than Silk it is economical in wear.

30-31 ins. wide, 2/6 per yard.  
37-38 ins. wide, 2/11½ per yard.

TRY IT, AND YOU  
WILL BE DELIGHTED.

LOOK for the STAMP ON SELVEDGE of every YARD, and for the TAB on every GARMENT as facsimiles below:



If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA," either by the yard or in garments, please write the Manufacturers—COURTAULDS, Ltd., 19, Abchurch Lane, London.—who will send you an interesting Booklet and name of nearest Retailers.

## HOW TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.

Get Plenty of Fresh Air, Breathe Deeply and Take a Little Sargol.

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force, and feel discouraged, don't dose your stomach with worthless tonics nor harbour the idea that help for you is impossible. If you have drawn heavily on your bank account of "Strength" weakness is but a natural result. However, if you reverse the order of things and obtain more strength from your food than what you use in performing your daily toil or pleasures, you will be as strong, happy and vigorous as ever. To do this spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and take a little Sargol with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return. It does not matter how you have lost your strength, whether the cause be from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence of any kind, Sargol will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat.

In fact, one small tablet with your three meals a day will give you more strength and vitality than twelve meals would give you without it. Sargol costs little, is pleasant to take, and is highly recommended by the medical profession. Anyone suffering with "nerves" or from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need.—(Advt.)







# THE KING AND QUEEN JOIN WITH THEIR OVERSEAS SUBJECTS



Superintendent Wells shaking hands with General Birdwood.



The dense crowd which assembled outside the Abbey to watch the departure of the King and Queen.



A small boy distributes daffodils.



The police keeping back the crowd. The women struggled hard to get a nearer view of the heroes.

"Tell my people of Australia and New Zealand that I am joining with them in their solemn tribute to the memory of their heroes who died in Gallipoli." This is an extract from the King's



The Australians' mascot.



Anzacs storm the

message to the Governor-Generals of Australia and New Zealand, which he sent before attending yesterday's service. Among the distinguished men present was General Sir William Birdwood.



# AYING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GALLIPOLI'S HEROIC DEAD



for a great distance. Their Majesties drove to and from the Abbey in a pair-horsed open carriage.



The Queen and the Bishop of Rome.



A dinner was given to the wounded.



Corporal Bassett, V.C.



Nurses leading the blind men. They occupied a position of honour in the Abbey near their Majesties.

the King.

o commanded the troops throughout the campaign, and in one photograph Superin-  
Vells is seen congratulating him on behalf of the Metropolitan Police. Corporal Bassett

won the V.C. at Anzac. He was the first New Zealander to be awarded the coveted distinction.  
—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





## Save Every Child's Life!

Perhaps the most outstanding of all the advantages of Mellin's Food is that it is a *fresh milk* food.

Upon the superiority of fresh milk over dried or sterilised milk the highest opinion is very decisive:

**SIR LAUDER BRUNTON,**  
M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

stated to the Local Govt. Board that:  
"There was a consensus of opinion that in the long run sterilised milk was injurious to children, though at first it might seem to do them good."

**H. T. ASHBY,**  
B.A., M.B., M.R.C.P.

says, in "Health in the Nursery":  
"During early infancy all pentonised foods, dried milk foods, or condensed milk should be avoided, or scurvy is exceedingly likely to result."

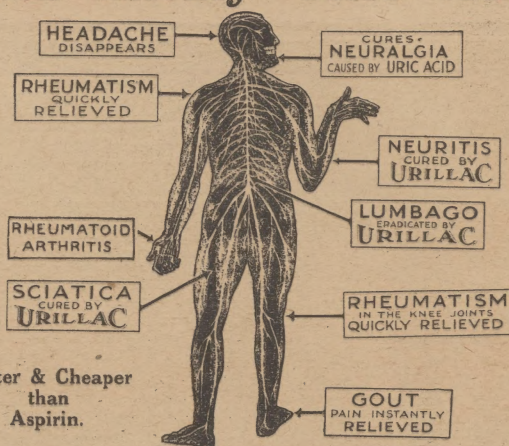
Rear baby on Mellin's and you strengthen the child to withstand those weakening infantile disorders which wreak havoc among ill-nourished babies, you ensure firm limbs, straight bones, strong teeth, and in short you do the utmost possible for baby's present and future welfare.

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**THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD**

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than  
Aspirin.

URIC ACID is the cause of all the ailments described above which are as common as they are painful. Strangely enough they are the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric acid must be treated **through the blood**. The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

"Urillac" is the only certain means for immediate relief of pain and permanent cure. It is the discovery of a prominent West-End Physician—now in actual practice—who would gladly associate his name with this wonder-working Remedy did medical etiquette allow him to do so.

# URILLAC

Certain  
Cure for—

**RHEUMATISM  
GOUT  
LUMBAGO  
SCIATICA  
NEURALGIA  
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NEURITIS  
GRAVEL**

"Urillac" effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by the blood by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and completely dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease.

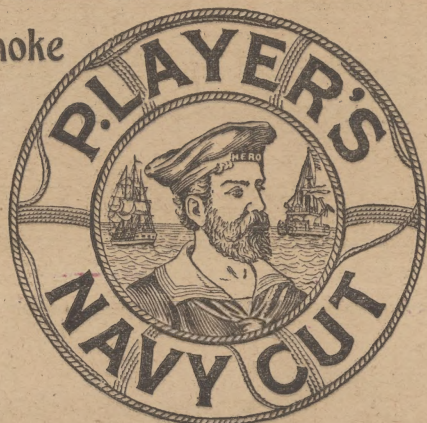
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**FREE SAMPLE** Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.

and all uric acid ailments and pains.

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(MEDIUM STRENGTH.)

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FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN  
MILITARY HOSPITALS AT HOME AND FOR THE FRONT  
AT DUTY FREE PRICES. TERMS ON APPLICATION TO

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P 580

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A Single Ring at Wholesale Price.  
This magnificent 18ct gold, Government Hall-Marked Ring, fine Diamonds, claw setting, post free, **£2 15s.**  
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# THE BLACK SHEEP

By  
RUBY M.  
AYRES.

## CHAPTER I.

THERE is a sound of grinding brakes and a woman's shrill scream. George Laxton, driving a racing car, just avoids a girl who has suddenly appeared in a bend of the road.

George Laxton.

The girl is very angry. "He might have killed me," she says in a shaking, angry voice. "I'm going about it, and gradually the girl gets into conversation with him. In the end, he offers to give her a lift, and she accepts."

On the way the girl points out a big house called Barton Manor, and tells him that it belongs to a young man named George Laxton, who is forced to sell it. "He's a sort of black sheep," she adds, "and everyone says he's a fearful rake."

She goes on to make many more severe comments about his conduct. In a quiet voice Laxton asks her to let the black sheep down lightly. The girl laughs. "Oh," she says, breathily, "I'm quite prepared to like him myself; he'll break the monotony."

They part. The man goes to the station to meet a girl named Laurie Fenton, whom he loves, but is too poor to marry, and who is coming down from London to say good-bye and to say for the first time. He has made up his mind that today he will make a last fight for her.

Laurie arrives and they go off to the old house. Passionately, he tells her that he loves her. With a swift movement he takes her in his arms. He breaks into broken pleading.

Laurie is upset by his passion and cries a little. But she tells him that it would be impossible to marry without money. She shivers faintly. "If I didn't dress well," she says, "I should be too late to be here."

Laxton tries to be white to the lips. He breaks out agitatedly: "I can't bear it. . . Laurie, Laurie, say you love me!"

"I do love you," she tells him in a stifled voice, "but you know I cannot marry you."

There are some minutes to wait for the train back to London. But Laxton is impatient. He is impatient again. Suddenly Laurie calls his attention to a girl who is standing a little way away. Laxton looks, and sees the girl he has just met.

"That," explains Laurie, "is Nora Akroyd. She is an old schoolfellow of mine, and she is rich enough to buy Barton Manor up half a dozen times over."

The train bears Laurie off, and as Laxton walks blindly out of the station he catches into a big sheepdog. "First you tell me to kill me, and now my dog," says a voice. It is the girl of the morning drive—Nora Akroyd.

"On the contrary," she replies. He laughs recklessly. "I wonder," he says, "if I may introduce myself properly this time. . . I am George Laxton—the black sheep."

The girl is not at all shocked. She laughs and continues an easy conversation with him. They get on very well together. But when she tells her father of the meeting he calls Laxton a young blackguard and says he won't have him in the house.

## NORAH IS ANGRY.

NORAH stared at her father in utter amazement. He had never spoken so roughly to her before; the hot colour rushed to her cheeks.

"Father!" she said, breathlessly. Mr. Akroyd pushed back his chair irritably and rose to his feet.

"I mean what I say," he said, curtly. "I won't have the fellow here; you've no business to have allowed him to speak to you; if he'd been a gentleman he wouldn't have done it."

She broke in then: "He only apologised for almost running me down; he said he had never been a gentleman if he had driven on and said nothing. I think you're most unjust—you haven't even seen him."

"There are some people it isn't necessary to see," he interrupted angrily. "I know quite enough about the young man to know that he's no fit companion for you; so don't let me catch him hanging round here. I mean what I say, mind." He opened the door and went out of the room. There was a little silence.

"Well!" said Nora indignantly. She looked across at Rodney for sympathy, but he did not raise his eyes. "Of all the mean, unjust things," she went on, "of all the things about women being spiteful to each other—men are a thousand times worse."

Rodney shrugged his shoulders. "Everyone knows what Laxton is. In all these things wouldn't be said about him if there wasn't some truth in them."

"And what has been said, pray?" she demanded, angrily. "I haven't heard anything so dreadful!"

Rodney made no reply. "I suppose you're going to side with father," she accused him; "there were tears in her eyes now; tears in her voice, too, for that matter; young Akroyd looked up quickly."

"Nora—you're not crying over the fellow?" "Of course, I'm not crying," she winked the tears indignantly away; "but—how father has never spoken to me like that before."

"Which is all the more reason for listening to him now. You know your father better than I do, and you know that he never says a thing like he has just said without a good reason. You're generally eager enough to do what he wishes."

"But this is different—somehow," she declared, though for the life of her she could not have said wherein the difference lay. She got up and walked over to the window; it was quite dark now, and there was a pleasant smell of damp earth and flowers.

Behind her Rodney spoke suddenly. "Don't be a goose, Nora; what does the fellow matter to us? I don't suppose he'll stay here long; from what one hears he hates the country."

He came behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Norah did not turn. "I hate injustice," she said in a stifled voice.

The hands fell from her shoulders; there was a little pause, then— "You seem to forget that a week ago you were talking about him in the same way as everybody else," said Rodney, constrainedly. "You've changed your opinion very quickly."

"I suppose I may if I like." She moved past him to the door. He looked after her. Where are you going? he asked sharply. The door banged by way of answer.

Norah took her hat from a hall stand and went out into the garden. She walked on without realising where she was going.

And yet—she reached the gate leading to the lane she turned and looked back at the house. There was a light in her father's study, and as she looked she saw his tall, bulky figure cross the room. She turned away then and went down the lane towards the road. As if there was any harm in her knowing Laxton if she liked—if she wanted to. After all, she had only spoken to him twice, and had not seen him since. It was all a very absurd fuss about nothing. "Absurd!" she said aloud angrily.

"What is absurd?" someone asked through the darkness. She started violently, catching back a little frightened cry.

"Oh, is it you?" she said with a relieved laugh. "You did frighten me."

"I'm sorry. I could see you against the light from the house, so thought you could see me. Laxton fell into step beside her. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular. Where are you going?"

"With you, if I may. I came up here to see if I could see anything of you."

She did not answer; her heart was racing again now, her pulses felt jumpy.

He looked slowly along beside her; he was smoking a cigar that smelt expensive. She glanced up at him timidly.

Now her eyes were growing more accustomed to the darkness, she could see the outline of his tall figure distinctly. He was wearing a grey flannel suit and no hat. He walked with his hands in his pockets.

After a moment he spoke. "What did you say was absurd?"

She laughed nervously. "I was only thinking aloud. I didn't know you were anywhere about. I felt angry."

"With whom?"

"Not including me, I hope."

"Of course not. Why should I be angry with you?"

"The is no reason that I know of; but women are so funny they often get angry with a man when there is no reason."

"Do they?"

"Surely," he said. "I don't know; I hardly know any men—except Rodney."

"And Rodney is a cousin, and so he doesn't count—eh?"

"Yes, Rodney is a cousin."

"He doesn't count," he repeated. She frowned in the darkness. "He does count—sometimes," she answered. "But to-night he was so silly—oh, I felt so angry with him."

"You won't tell me why?"

"I'd—I'd rather not. There was a little silence."

"Perhaps I can guess," said Laxton quietly; she could feel he was looking at her now; she could feel his eyes upon her through the darkness.

He was talking about me," he said again. She was startled. "How did you know? How could you know?"

He laughed rather mischievously. "Oh, a sort of instinct, I suppose. Well—what did he say?"

She was silent; presently, "Mr. Laxton, will you tell me your question?"

"A dozen if you like," he answered lightly.

## THE FINAL BLOW.

NORAH shut her mouth; she did not like him to speak so lightly; it seemed impossible now to ask the question that had been on her lips. He seemed to feel the change in her; he stopped. "What do you want to ask me?"

The clouds had scudded away from the face of the moon, and its yellow light shone down on the man and the girl as they stood there.

Laxton tossed the end of his cigar into the wet hedge. "Please tell me," he said earnestly.

"You will be angry," she warned him.

"No—I shall not," he answered.

"Well—well. . . Are you—are you really a—black sheep?"

The faintest ghost of a smile crossed his face; it was gone instantly. When he answered his voice was quite even and undisturbed.

"That all depends what you mean by—a black sheep." He hesitated a moment, looking away from her down the road into the darkness.

"The devil is never as black as he is painted, you know," he said whimsically. "Though I admit that he's very black." He turned his eyes to her again. "I heard that what you've heard about me?" he said thoughtfully. "What has Cousin Rodney been saying?"

"It wasn't Rodney—it was my father."

"When?" he gave a little whistle of presentiment, and then, "Your father was at it?"

"I am not to come to the house—and that you are not to speak to me—is that it?"

"Yes."

He shrugged his shoulders; he walked on slowly beside her. "I am sorry," he said at last. There was a sort of finality in his voice; Norah's heart gave a little dismayed throb; she broke out impulsively.

"But I am not a child—I am old enough to choose my own friends."

"If that means what I hope it does," he said, "thank you." They walked a little way without speaking. The man was thinking quickly; trying to look ahead—to calculate his chances.

This girl was so young and unworried; sufficiently unworried to take him at her own romantic valuation; to dare hold her own opinion against the sander one of those older than herself.

And the situation was desperate. Only that morning he had received a threatening letter from the man to whom he owed more money than he could ever hope to repay.

There was one chance left, and one only—marriage with a rich woman.

And yet—yet—yet—through the darkness the black sheep thought of the face of the woman he loved, and he bit his lip almost through to keep back the groan that rose from his heart.

He had sworn to forget her; sworn never to see her again; but now as he stood there in the scented summer night, with the pale moonlight making a golden ladder down to earth, an almost uncontrollable longing to see her once more took possession of him.

Perhaps it was not too late—perhaps if he saw her again, pleaded with her once more not to ruin his life. . . He caught his breath hard.

The girl beside him spoke suddenly. "I think I ought to go back home. I did not mean to come so far." Her voice was a little nervous and uncertain. Laxton turned at once. "I will walk back with you."

"They retraced their steps almost in silence. It was only when they reached the gate that he said suddenly:—

"I may not see you again for a day or two. I am going to London in the morning."

"To London?" She did not know that there was disappointment in her voice, but the man heard it, and a little thrill of triumph went through him.

"Only for a day or two," he said quickly. "And then, when I come back—"

He broke off. When you come back?" she echoed.

The black sheep looked through the darkness and found her hand.

"I will tell you the rest—if I may—when I come back," he said softly.

And the next minute he was alone in the night.

He walked back to the village slowly. He was not staying at Barton Manor, as Norah had thought, but at the inn in the village where he and Laurie Fenton had had tea that last afternoon. He passed the big carriage gates of Barton Manor and stopped for a moment looking towards the dark face of the great house.

It would be fine to live there, he thought wistfully; heaven to live there with a woman one loved; he went on again with dragging steps.

When Laxton reached the inn he gave instructions for them to call him early—in time to catch the train for London; he was feeling very tired and dispirited; he kicked off his boots in the little parlour where he and Laurie had said good-bye, and turned towards the stairs.

As he did so his eye caught sight of a letter in the rack addressed to him.

He crossed the narrow passage and snatched it down eagerly; the colour flew to his face—the weariness faded from his eyes.

He went up the stairs to his bedroom; it was small and poorly furnished; but Laxton never troubled about such things; he had slept in many worse places in his time.

He fumbled in the darkness for a match, and switched on the light; he opened the door; he seemed an eternity till he found the box; he lit a couple of candles on the painted dressing chest with an unsteady hand; he tore open the envelope.

He had written, after all; she was sorry; she wanted to see him again—for a moment his sight was blurred so that he could not read what was written there; he lifted the paper to his lips and kissed it; it bore a faint, but it was a perfume which Laurie Fenton always used.

Barton Manor, Nora Akroyd, everything was forgotten but the memory of this one woman who alone in all his roving, disreputable life had really had any lasting influence with him.

She had written to him again—she had not forgotten him; nothing else counted at all.

Dear Nora—she had written so coldly before, and the hammering blood at his temples quieted, the little mist cleared away from before his eyes as he read on.

Laurie Fenton had put it quite nicely. She took three pages to say what she might have said in three lines; but the whole gist of the matter was that she had decided to mend her broken heart by marriage with another man—a rich man, a middle-aged, middle-class creature whose sole claim to adornment was a halo of golden sovereigns.

"Try and forget me—though I shall never forget you. Fate is very cruel to us. . . If only your pages to say what she might have said in three lines; but the whole gist of the matter was that she had decided to mend her broken heart by marriage with another man—a rich man, a middle-aged, middle-class creature whose sole claim to adornment was a halo of golden sovereigns."

The black sheep read to the very end, and the fire and eagerness died slowly from his heart, leaving him cold and hard.

Then he crumpled up the letter in his hand and flung it away from him. She had done with him—done with him; it was nothing to her any more what he did—what became of him.

If only your pages to say what she might have said in three lines; but the whole gist of the matter was that she had decided to mend her broken heart by marriage with another man—a rich man, a middle-aged, middle-class creature whose sole claim to adornment was a halo of golden sovereigns."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.



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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## In the Abbey.

I THINK many of those present at Westminster Abbey yesterday missed what was to me the most striking incident of the whole impressive service in honour of the first anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. It occurred when the service had concluded.

## A Word with the Wounded.

King George was the last figure in the noble procession that was leaving the Abbey by the centre aisle. Suddenly a badly-wounded Australian soldier caught his eye. His Majesty left the procession and went over to the wounded son of Empire and talked with him. It almost seemed that the great congregation of soldiers were going to cheer.

## Curious About K.

Apart from the King and Queen, no one aroused more interest amongst the Anzacs in the Abbey than did Lord Kitchener. "Never seen Kitch before. He looks fine," said one.

## "Some" Day.

Yesterday, I think, must have crowded as much news into it as any day since the war began. The morning papers were full enough, but as the day went on each hour seemed to bring its fresh sensation. Sir Roger Casement captured, an air raid, the bombardment of Lowestoft and the secret session, apart from Anzac Day and the trouble in Ireland, makes "some" day's news.

## Bewildered.

In the evening I spent a few minutes in a couple of clubs. Naturally everybody was discussing the surprising news, and, also quite naturally, everybody was bewildered. Yesterday was certainly the most surprising day for news since the war began.

## Crowds at Westminster.

The oldest parliamentarian I met yesterday could not remember larger crowds outside the Houses of Parliament on the occasion of a grave Ministerial crisis than those which flocked to Westminster yesterday.

## News for Mr. Lloyd George.

Two of our foremost statesmen had a great welcome in Parliament-square. One was Mr. Asquith, who drove into Palace Yard in a closed car. The other was Mr. Lloyd George, who walked to the House with characteristic briskness. On his way I noticed the Munitions Minister saw a newspaper vendor with a bill "German Fleet Bombs Lowestoft." He immediately bought a paper.

## A Bright Spot.

And how tongues wagged before the secret sitting began! The grave news from Ireland seemed to be the uppermost subject of informal discussion. The one bright spot in the situation to most men was the capture of Sir Roger Casement. I found my journalistic colleagues on the Irish Nationalist Press particularly pleased that he had been caught at last.

## Lord Rosebery Returns.

I passed Lord Rosebery "somewhere in Westminster" yesterday on his way to the secret sitting of the Upper House. It is years since this famous statesman has been seen on the scarlet benches of the hereditary chamber, the last occasion being, I think, when the Parliament Act was under discussion.

## New to the Stage.

One of the latest recruits to the stage, I see, is Miss Rhoda Symons, the wife of that well-known writer Mr. Arthur Symons. She has been appearing in the Shakespeare Festival at "The Old Vic." I remember meeting her some years ago at dinner, "with vine leaves in her hair"—not metaphorically, but literally, for she had a very charming headress of Dionysiac leaves.

## Not the Same.

Her husband, Mr. Arthur Symons, is, I think, one of the first of living poets, as well as an admirable critic. I made the remark to quite a well-known "literary man" the other day and he immediately replied: "Ah, yes, to be sure, Symons—wrote the history of the Italian Renaissance?" I wonder how often Mr. Arthur Symons and John Addington Symonds have been confused.

## Coming to Town.

One of the most successful of modern dancers of the Grecian classical school is Mlle. Della de Moroda, whom we are to see shortly at the Palladium, I hear. Mlle. de



Mlle. Della de Moroda.

Moroda has only been on the stage four years, but in that brief period she has danced in every European capital. A fine achievement.

## "King Lear's Daughter."

Shakespeare is in the air everywhere, so when Miss Julia James showed me the book of the play she is acting in at the Haymarket next month I read "King Lear" and guessed it a memorial performance. However, it is a new play on the old subject, and promises exceedingly well. Mr. Ainley is to be the hero; Miss James (as she herself told me) the "hussy." Its real name is "King Lear's Daughter," and it is by Mr. Bottomley. No, the Georgian poet of that ilk, not the Sunday Pictorial writer.

## Composer and Soldier.

It was told a strange but true story yesterday concerning Mr. Frank Lambert, the well-known composer of "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" and other tuneful songs, a soldier—and well, almost a miracle. The soldier had been so badly wounded that he had lost his hearing and speech. He was introduced to Mr. Lambert at the Carlton, and asked him if he would play some of his songs.



Mr. Frank Lambert.

## The Miracle.

Mr. Lambert, wondering what pleasure it could give a deaf man, played. The soldier thanked him in writing. Then a strange idea occurred to Mr. Lambert. He remembered the effect that certain clashing chords had on certain nervous systems, and he at once began to play chords up and down the piano. The effect was startling. Suddenly the soldier stood up with his face shining, and spoke. "I can hear," he cried.

## The Twins.

I met Mr. Harry Grattan yesterday, and he was telling me that after some eighteen weeks with "Samples" even their dressing-room companions at the Vaudeville do not yet know the difference between the Terry twins. Both of them have attested, and they are so alike in feature, even down to the missing front tooth, that every lineament of each face measures exactly the same. A theatrical statistician estimates that, on an average, only one pair of twins appears before the public every ten years.

## The Sisters Bryan.

Curiously enough, there are in the same piece two sisters, also so much alike that at rehearsals the Misses Phyllis and Greetie Bryan are requested to make a distinction between themselves, one wearing a hat and the other going hatless. Two cases of such faithful resemblance in the same company is surely something of a record.

## A Rapid Artist.

I was at Mr. Cyrus Cuneo's studio recently and was marvelling at the rapidity with which he dashes off his vigorous war pictures. But for all this, he was complaining that twenty-four hours in the day aren't enough for him to finish all his commissions. Mr. Cuneo is an Italian, born in San Francisco. He bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon, and, at fancy-dress balls always figures as the little Corsican.

## Friend of Royalty.

I hear that Countess Benckendorff has been receiving hundreds of congratulations on the high honour bestowed on her husband by the Tsar. The Countess is immensely popular in London with everybody, from royalty down, and there is no more hospitable place than Chesham House. As a Schuvaloff, she is very wealthy, and has always been a great friend to struggling students.

## Wonderful Furniture.

Almost everybody who matters has at one time or another visited the Russian Embassy and admired the Countess' "red room." Few, however, have seen the wonderful collection of highly-polished Russian furniture which she has gathered together. The Countess has lost one of her two sons in the present war.

## The Puzzle King.

I had a long chat the other day with the "Puzzle King"—Mr. Henry Dudeney—and his novelist wife at the house near Woking they built specially to fit all the old oak furniture Mr. Dudeney had collected for years. There isn't a single article of household use or ornament in the place that isn't a genuine antique. Mr. Dudeney's ingenious puzzles have appeared in the magazines for years.

## Tin-Hunting.

In a certain suburb lately, when the shades of eve have fallen, I've run across quite well-dressed girls and youths with handcars. Wondering what this could mean, I found on inquiry that they were out searching on waste land and odd corners for old tins, which have now some value. They sell them to dealers and devote the money to Red Cross work.

## Her One Regret.

Miss Ellen Terry told me yesterday, as she sat in a box after her wonderful performance at the Old Vic, that her only regret was that the audience was not more of the "tuppenny and thruppenny" kind. She loved acting—above all, wanted to act in honour of the festival—but hoped to return one day and act to the really poor.

## An Awful Moment.

Miss Craig, her daughter, told me laughingly that there was an awful moment five minutes before she was due to dress, when it was discovered that her dress was far too narrow to be worn. Mr. Heslewood, who is a great friend of the family, as well as a splendid designer of costumes, had for once, she says, been blinded as to the real size of her waist! Anyhow, antimacassars, scarfs and other materials were called into play and all was well.

## No Room.

Miss Ellen Terry's little grandchildren were longing to come and see their grandmother act, but alas! not even a corner could be found for them, and they had sadly to go home. Miss Viola Tree, still in her "Lady Percy" gown, went in to sit with Miss Terry until she went off to Miss Anderson's room to offer her congratulations. Opposite, in a box, was Miss Doris Keane, with her inseparable companion, Miss Gladys Unger.

## The Anzac Matinee.

I looked in for a few minutes to the Anzac matinee at His Majesty's yesterday afternoon. It was a very jolly affair, but the soldiers in the balcony and upper circle were packed like sardines. They appeared to enjoy it, however, and the long-drawn cry of "Coo-ee!"—a little harsh, perhaps, to English ears—greeted every performer as he or she appeared upon the stage.

## A Scots Novel.

Mr. W. Harold Thomson, whom I met yesterday enjoying the spring sunshine, was in the best of spirits over the success of his new book, "The Right Divine." My Scots friends who have read the book tell me that it gives a singularly true picture of Scottish village life.

## Hails from Perth.

Mr. Thomson is a Scotsman himself; he hails from Perthshire, but he has been in town now for many years. He is generally to be met at gatherings of literary and Bohemian London.



Mr. W. Harold Thomson.



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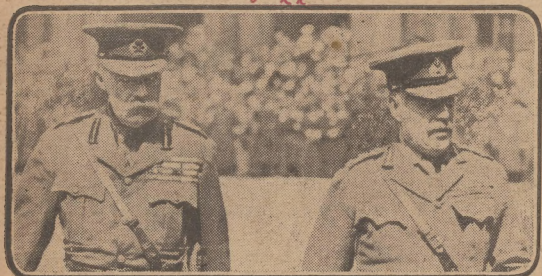
## THE KNIGHTS OF GALLIPOLI: ANZACS MARCH THROUGH LONDON TO THE ABBEY



General Sir William Birdwood, "the soul of Anzac," and his wife.



The King talks to Lord Kitchener. His Majesty came specially from Windsor for the service.



Lord Kitchener "snapped" on his way to the Abbey.



Australians passing along Parliament-street between dense crowds. The procession marshalled at Aldwych and marched along the Strand and Whitehall.

A year ago yesterday the men from Australia and New Zealand landed on Gallipoli, where they won imperishable fame. The anniversary was celebrated by a "commemoration service," and between 3,000 and 4,000 Anzacs, the men who had stormed

the shell-torn Turkish beaches, marched through London to Westminster's ancient Abbey, cheered by the inhabitants of the Mother-City of the Empire for which they have fought and bled.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)